

Tahiti: Isle of Dreams

with *pareus* (loin-cloth) of dark blue
with broad
yellow stripes; their slender dusky
bodies were
otherwise bare; their long
black hair hung
loose. . . . The prettier of the two was
Rarahu."

This was at the first big pool to which
one comes
ascending the valley, and it is still
lovely despite
the fact that the Papeete water-works
are here.

Here come still native women, but not
as Loti saw
them. But Rarahu and her
friend had but
strayed down the river from their own
especial
pool, near to their father's lonely
house, and to
that he followed. In the days of
leave from his
ship he was always there. "It was a
retired nook,
vaulted over by tall bread-fruit trees
with their
thick leaves enclosed by acacias,
guavas and
sensitive plants. The cool water
danced noisily
over the small polished pebbles, and a
murmur
from the lower basin came up from the

distance,
with the laughter of
women/'
Here is the pool of Loti. It is still to-
day
practically as it was then, for not many
tourists
reach it seeing that it is further from
Papeete than
Loti says and that the path is
overgrown with
••weeds and bushes. But still the
water cascades